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ingly, C—— was ushered into the room where I was sitting. His person and manners, I should observe, were an admixture of country clown and city blackguard, in nearly equal proportions.

'Pray, Sir,' said I, as he entered the room, 'what is your business with me?'

'Sir,' answered the fellow, 'I come as one of the people to speak to you as a representative of the people, and I hope I've at least as much right to do so as a lord has to demand an audience of the king.'

'I'm quite ready to admit your claim in that character, and to hear what you have to say.'

'I'm not apt to praise public men,' cried C——, throwing himself into a chair, 'because in general they're a set of rascals, and bullying beastly blackguards, who feed themselves and their ravenous relatives out of the very heart and guts of the country; but when I see a man do his duty, I'm as willing to praise him, as I am to lash him if he neglects it.'

'He paused, and I, suspecting the tendency of this preliminary observation, merely made an inclination of my head, and he proceeded.'

'Now, I approve of your conduct, and I think it right to tell you so. I honour you for the dressing you gave that shuffling, sneering, Scotch, damned, dunghill son of a b—— Broughton. I honour you for not joining that fellow Tewkesbury, and that swindler Singleton, whose wife had a child by Chepstow's long-legged son, and that old master-pick-pocket Lessingham, and all the rest of the rapscallion Whigs.'

'Flattering as your commendations may be, Mr. C——,' said I, 'I presume that you did not take the trouble of coming to my house for the express purpose of bringing them to me. Be so good, therefore, as to proceed to the point.'

'I will—I will, Sir Matthew; I'm a plain, straightforward, honest Englishman, who never uses roundabout words, and speaks out fearlessly upon every occasion, as you know. Now, you've been scurvily, and basely, and infamously gulled by those Whigs—I mean lawyer Broughton's Whigs.'

'He stopped again; I signified to him to proceed.'

'Very well. Admitting this, I've a proposal to make—a proposal to make. You'd like to have these fellows shown up; I'm a blunt man, and hate humbug; lend me a couple of hundreds, and I'll show them up in grand style for you, and be the making of yourself into the bargain. What do you say to it?'

'Have you any thing farther to propose to me on this or any other point?'

'Nothing,' answered the demagogue.

'I then addressed him in the following terms:—'

'Impudent scoundrel! How dare you insult a gentleman with your praise, and menace him with your support? If you attempt to put your threat into execution, I will have you scourged for your insolence; but if between this and your next publication you should think better of it, and abuse me with all your might, I will give you a guinea for the service which you will thereby render me. In the mean time, vanish from my presence! If you do not immediately make your exit by the door, I will show you a short cut out at the window. And mind, you rascal! that you lay your hand upon nothing in

going out of the house, for you will be watched and detected.'

'A painter only could describe the effect which this speech produced upon the old wretch. He started up, stamped upon the floor, glared at me with the expression of an incarnate fiend, foamed at the mouth, attempted to speak, but was dumb with rage, gnashed his teeth, shook his clenched fist at me, and darted out of the room.'

'In his next paper, the Tewkesbury Ministry and the Broughton Whigs were highly praised, while the Opposition Rump was vilified; I myself being treated with an extraordinary portion of his most potent abuse.'

We confess we think the reply to the radical, savours somewhat too much of Billingsgate for an exclusive.

Some of the after-dinner scenes, too, especially the night-visit with Singleton, and the tete-a-tete with the young Oxonian toad-eater, we should consider grossly indelicate, and unfit to be written by a gentleman or read by a lady. The author has undoubtedly the ability to write a far superior book to Sydenham, if he would exert his powers in a better cause, and qualify his satire with some shew of good feeling, or better still, of good principle.

The Cabinet Cyclopædia. Domestic Economy, Vol. 1. By Michael Donovan, Esq. M.R.I.A. Professor of Chemistry to the Company of Apothecaries in Ireland.—London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown and Green.

THIS volume treats of brewing, distilling, wine-making and all manner of intoxicating liquors. The making of vinegar and the baking of bread are also included in it, as indeed are all those processes in domestic economy which depend upon, or are connected with, fermentation. A great deal of research is evinced in tracing the origin of the various manufactured liquids employed for domestic purposes, the general contents of the volume, however, are not of a nature to interest the general reader very strongly, as they relate so exclusively to operations in which none but those who are practically conversant with them, seem to concern themselves much. We shall extract the passage, in which the claim of Ireland to priority in the art of making malt spirits is vindicated, and shall subjoin Mr. Donovan's strictures on the fatal results of immoderate indulgence in the use of spirituous liquors, that we may lend our aid to the Temperance Society in disseminating information on this important subject.

'At what period the art of distillation was introduced into Britain is not certainly known: it is commonly believed to have taken place during the reign of Henry II. It would appear that in Ireland the practice of obtaining a spirit from malt was better understood, even at the earliest period of the invention, than elsewhere. In the Irish language the spirit was called *Uisge-beatha* or *Usquebakh*. Moryson, who was secretary to Lord Mountjoy, during the rebellion in Ireland of the Earl of Tyrone, wrote a history of Ireland, including the period between 1599 and 1603, which in many respects is one of the grossest libels that ever defiled the page of history; in this he nevertheless gives the following account:—'At Dublin, and in some other cities (of Ireland,) they have taverns, wherein Spanish and French wines are sold; but more commonly the merchants sell them by pints and quarts in their own

cellars. The Irish aqua vitæ, vulgarly called usquebakh, is held the best in the world of that kind, which is made also in England, but nothing so good as that which is brought out of Ireland. And the usquebakh is preferred before our aqua vitæ, because the mingling of raisins, fennel-seed, and other things, mitigating the heat, and making the taste pleasant, makes it less inflame, and yet refresh the weak stomach with moderate heat and good relish. These drinks the English-Irish drink largely, and in many families (especially at feasts) both men and women use excess therein:—'neither have they any beer made of malt and hops, nor yet any ale; no, not the chief lords, except it be very rarely.'—'But when they come to any market-town to sell a car or horse, they never return home until they have drunk the price in Spanish wine (which they call the King of Spain's daughter,) or in Irish Usquebakh, and until they have outslept two or three day's drunkenness.' The latter passages prove how little this writer was disposed to praise any thing Irish, had praise been undeserved.

'Sir James Ware supposes that ardent spirit was distilled in Ireland earlier than in England. He says, 'the English aqua vitæ, it is thought, is the invention of more modern times. Yet we find the virtues of usquebakh and a receipt for making it, both simple and compound, in the red book of Ossory, compiled nearly two hundred years ago; and another receipt for making a liquor, then called *nectar*, made of a mixture of honey and wine, to which are added ginger, pepper, cinnamon, and other ingredients.' Dr. Ledwich observes, that the early French poets speak of this nectar with rapture, as being most delicious. The Irish distilled spirits from malt in 1590, and imitated foreign *liqueurs*, by adding aromatic seeds and spices, as was practised in France, so early, according to le Grand, as 1313. The Irish *bulcaan*, Rutty tells us, was made from black oats. *Buile*, madness, and *ceann*, the head, intimate the effects of this fiery spirit.

'Having now sketched an account of the introduction and use of intoxicating liquors, as far as the few annals preserved have furnished materials for it, as a proper sequel we may notice the consequences of indulgence in these insidious poisons. Fortunate, indeed, were it for mankind, if the history could truly terminate with an account of their introduction, and if there were nothing to be added to complete the subject. But a dismal picture remains to be exhibited of the effects of excessive indulgence. It is the more to be lamented that the power which those stimuli possess over the intellectual economy should be turned to such bad account, when, under proper restrictions, they might have been made conducive to real benefits. From them, rightly administered, the afflicted in mind or body might receive comfort, the desponding might be inspired with hope, and the melancholy elevated into joy. But the limits of moderation are easily surpassed. He who experiences these advantages does not always rest satisfied with their reasonable enjoyment: the cup of bliss continues to be quaffed, but the infused poison throws round him its magic spell. His senses no longer convey true impressions. Innocent hilarity gives place to mischievous mirth: good humour and benevolence are converted into causeless quarrel and vindictive rage: the faculties of the man are only recognisable by their perversion: and fortunate for him is it if

the progress of crime is arrested by the death-like profundity of apoplectic sleep. How unenviable are his awaking moments!—memory confused with obscure recollections of insult received and outrage committed; the body exhausted and oppressed; and the mind harassed with the terrors of a remorse-stricken conscience. Amidst the repetition of these practices, the springs of health are dried up; an appalling train of diseases derange the functions of the body; the withered frame wastes down into sepulchral tenuity; the grave closes on the victim, and he is remembered only with the contemptuous pity of mankind."

We observe that Mr. Donovan treats of opium, bangle or wild hemp, thorn apple seed, tobacco-fumes and laughing-gas, somewhat preposterously under the head of intoxicating liquors. This affords the newspaper critics, and "such small deer," on the other side of the channel, an opportunity of sickening one with their vile attempts at cockney wit, which we could wish the Professor to the company of apothecaries had spared us, unless indeed he had an eye to business in his procedure, in which case we forgive him.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Illustrations of Ireland. Parts I. and II.—London: Fisher, Son and Co.—Dublin: W. F. Wakeman.

THE modern improvements in the steam engine, and the adaptation of its wondrous powers to machinery, have not exercised a greater influence upon the commerce of the country, than the invention of engraving on steel has had upon that portion of its literature, which requires the aid of the graver's illustrations. Ten years ago the introduction of copper-plate engravings into a book, was attended with such a serious increase of expense, that it operated almost as a prohibition: when they were introduced, either from the necessity of illustrating the text, or with the design of rendering a work more attractive, they were, in general, confided to the *burin* of second-rate artists, and did not possess the advantages in their design or execution, which so happily distinguish similar productions of the present day. With the exception of the names of Fuseli, Stothard, and perhaps one or two others, no royal academicians then lent their aid to the illustration of our literature: the former never had the satisfaction of seeing his vigorous, though somewhat eccentric conceptions done justice to, by any engraver of talent; and, although the latter has been in his old age more fortunate than Fuseli, it is only since his designs have been less prized; and his laurels are shared with the host of young aspirants who have since sprung up, to claim the admiration of the public. Mais nous avons changé tout cela. The highest names in the Royal Academy now willingly lend their best assistance to the illustration of all the various branches of our literature. The Drama has received the powerful aid of Smirke and Howard. The charms of Poetry have been heightened by the designs of Leslie, Martin, and Westall. Topography has found a new source of interest from the magic pencil of Turner, Calcott, Collins, and Prout; and Biography has to boast the assistance of the lamented Sir Thomas Lawrence, of Pickersgill, Shee, and Jackson, whilst that elegant and

beautiful portion of our periodical literature, the *Annals*, has laid them all under contribution. This important and desirable change, we have no hesitation in saying, is owing in a very great degree, to the recent discovery of engraving on steel. We should have informed our fair readers, to whom this latter class of publications has naturally proved particularly attractive, that it is not owing to any greater facility that steel gives to the engraver, or any diminution of expense which attends it, that it has been so generally adopted, for the contrary of these suppositions is the fact; but by a hardening process which the plate undergoes after the engraving is completed, it acquires a quality that allows from ten to twelve thousand impressions to be taken from it, without any material alteration in the clearness and brilliancy of the prints. Heretofore, a publisher in making his calculation of the price at which he could afford to sell his work to the public, had to take into account the very small number of impressions that his copper-plate would afford him; and the consequent addition to his expense, obliged him to execute whatever he resolved on at the lowest rate; in common parlance, to get his work done as cheaply as he could; and, therefore, to employ those artists only, whose humbler talents brought them within his price. Engravings on steel, from the great number of impressions they yield, enable a publisher to go to a much greater cost in procuring designs, and employing first-rate engravers; and it is not now at all unusual to see the very highest names in both branches of the art united, in the decoration of a book sold for a few shillings: this must, ere long, have a prodigious effect in extending the love and knowledge of the Fine Arts; and we cordially wish success to the good work.

We have been led into these observations by the inspection of the two parts already published, of the "*Illustrations of Ireland*," commencing with "*Views in the Metropolis, and County of Dublin*." We hope that it may become as widely known, as its merits as a work of art justly entitle it to be: it is sold too, at a price that places it within the reach of all. Four Views of the most interesting scenes in our beautiful country, or of its cities, towns, and remarkable buildings, with letter-press descriptions, cost but a shilling, though formerly they could hardly have been procured for six times that sum.

Out of the thirty-three drawings for the first eight numbers, twenty-three are from the well known and highly finished pencil of George Petrie, Esq. R.H.A.; and in stating this, we give a sufficient guarantee for their faithfulness, their tastefulness of choice as to subject, and their excellence in execution. If Ireland is proud of Moore as her poet, she may well rejoice in Petrie as her artist; and we trust, ere long, to see him employed on works which will make his fame more generally and proudly known, and reward his taste and talents as they deserve. Of his associates in the work, we know little; but the drawings are, for the most part, good, and well adapted to give strangers a faithful picture of the most remarkable views in our town and country scenery: they are, in general, well engraved, under the direction of Edward Goodall; and if the work does not degenerate from its commencement, we trust, that it will meet that extensive encouragement which it deserves.

The vignette in the title-page of Part I. "*Howth Light-House*," taken from a romantic and singular rock, called "*the Needles*," is a very delightful production of Mr. Petrie's pencil, and the scene, which is a very peculiar and striking one, being so near Dublin, we are sure will tempt many to visit it. The point of view is admirably chosen, and shews what genius can effect, even with a subject of no very elevated character. The view of Dublin, from *Blaquiere-Bridge*, in the first number, fails to give a just idea of the city. Mr. Petrie has made all he possibly could of it; but though it forms a pleasing picture altogether, with the noble back ground, formed by the Dublin mountains, yet it does not give a satisfactory general view of Dublin; indeed, it is not easy to select a favourable point for this purpose, for that from the rising ground in the Park is now too hackneyed. The architectural views in the city are chosen with taste, and are enlivened with a great variety of figures, in which Mr. Petrie is particularly happy: they give an accurate representation of our great city as it is seen daily; and we are sure will be highly prized by strangers, as a faithful remembrancer of their visit to Dublin. The view of *College-street*, the *Post-Office*, and the great *Court-yard* of *Dublin Castle*, in Part I. are very happy illustrations, as well as those of the *Bank* and *Royal Exchange*, in Part II. There are two views of the same *Bridge* (the *King's Bridge*), in Part I. which we think unnecessary, where so many more important, and more interesting subjects present themselves.

The view of the inside of the *Church of the Carmelite Friary*, during the celebration of mass, is very fine, and took us by surprise, as we were not conscious of so splendid an interior of a building, remarkable for its plain appearance outside: it must be well worthy of a visit.

Mr. Kirchoffer, another amiable and excellent Royal Academician, has contributed a very faithful drawing of *Poula-Phuca Waterfall*, in the county of Wicklow, with the bridge recently thrown over it, which, by-the-bye, adds very much to its picturesque effect. Prefixed to two of the illustrations in Part II. is the name of *Austin*; and we are sorry to be obliged to say, that they do not appear to have any right to be in such company. By the way, there are views in the county of Kilkenny, and we do not see why they, as well as two views of *Kilkenny Castle*, a building not yet in rerum natura, and two views in the county of *Waterford*, in the same Part, should be introduced in the first portion of a work, avowedly devoted to the "*Metropolis and County of Dublin*."

We have devoted rather a larger space to this notice, than we had intended, but as it may be truly called a national work, we trust that an account of it will be acceptable to our readers, and induce such as have not yet seen it, to look at its embellishments. We should add, that the descriptions, which, however, we look upon as but a secondary matter in a work of this kind, are "poor indeed;" destitute alike of taste and accuracy, and reflecting anything but credit on their compiler. We observe, too, that Mr. Wright styles himself a *Royal Hibernian Academician*, which unless we have been altogether misinformed as to the rules of that body, cannot be the case, as he is certainly not an artist.